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ROY ROGERS

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ROY ROGERS

and the GHOST of the LOST GALLEON



RIDING DOWN TO THE MOJAVE DESERT, ROY AND TRIGGER FEEL THE EARTH HEAVE AND TREMBLE UNDER THEM.

JUMP, TRIGGER!



EASE UP, BOY? THAT WAS QUITE A LITTLE EARTHQUAKE-- BUT IT'S OVER NOW. OH-- OH-- I HEAR HORSES RUNNING!

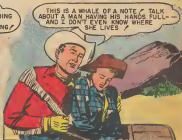


ON TWO WHEELS A LIGHT FARM WAGON MAKES THE TURN AHEAD



THAT'S A RUNAWAY, TRIGGER? MAYBE WE CAN SAVE THE GIRL FROM A BAD SPILL . . .







I'LL JUST KEEP DRIVING,
AND HOPE SHE COMES TO
SOON!



HI, COWBOY!
DO YOU KNOW
WHO THIS
YOUNG LADY
IS AND WHERE
SHE BELONGS?

GREAT DAY! IT'S
SUE LORISTON! &
SHE HURT BAD!
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE'D YOU FIND
HER? HOW—



SHE'S JUST FAINTED,
NEIGHBOR—BUT I SURE COULD
USE YOUR HELP HOLDING
HER—OR THE LINES!



HER TEAM WAS RUNNING AWAY WHEN I
HOPPED ABOARD... SHE PASSED OUT AFTER
I'D STOPPED 'EM.

I'M NOT
SURPRISED ANY! SHE'S
BEEN DOING TWO MEN'S
WORK EVER SINCE
HER DAD DIED...



WT FERGUSONS ARE NEIGHBORS
AND WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP HER—
BUT SUE IS TOO DOGGONE PROUD...
I--UH--SOMETIMES I WISH WE
WERE DIRT POOR, INSTEAD OF
RUNNING THE BIGGEST SPREAD
IN THE COUNTRY!



OH--
WHERE--
WHO--

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SUE, HONEY!
NOTHING HAPPENED,
EXCEPT--

HARRY FERGUSON—
YOU—HOW OLD
YOU GET
THAT WAY?

EASY, HONEY! THIS
GENT WAS DOING THE
DRIVING AND THE
HOLDS—BEFORE
I CAME ALONG...
HE NEEDED
ASSISTANCE!

AN HOUR LATER, BOY TURNS
IN AT SUE LORISTON'S TINY RANCH.



MOM, THESE
BOYS ARE
STOPPING FOR
DINNER!

FINE! I'LL STIR UP
SOME MORE PANGAKES
AND FRY SOME HAM.

EAT HEARTY, BOYS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO HELP
SUE GET IN A JAG
OF HAY THIS
AFTERNOON.

NO! THEY'VE
GOT BUSINESS
OF THEIR OWN.
MOM! I'M NOT
GOING TO ASK—



YOUR HAY IS
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN ANY
BUSINESS I HAVE
RIGHT NOW, SUE.

SAME HERE,
ROGERS! GAD HAS
GIVEN ME THE
GAY OFF.

WE'LL
IN THAT
CASE...

IF OLD
BILL HANKINS
WERE HERE,
I WOULDN'T
NEED TO
HAVE ANY
HELP, TODAY.

BILL HANKINS—THAT LOGO
DESERT RAT! HE'S TOO OLD
AND GREAKY EVEN FOR
PROSPECTING, SO HE SPONGES
ON YOU... AND YOU CAN'T
COUNT ON HIM EVER
BEING AROUND WHEN
YOU WANT HIM!







DID YOU SAY, THE
"LOST GALLEON," SUE?
WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S A LEGEND
THAT THE OLD TIMERS
AROUND HERE TELL.

SIXTY YEARS AGO, A CRAZY
PROSPECTOR NAMED POWELL
STRUCK IT RICH, WHILE HIS
MONEY LASTED. HE DID SOME
ODD THINGS--AND ONE OF
THEM WAS BUILDING A
HOUSE IN THE DESERT,
IN THE SHAPE OF
AN OLD SPANISH
GALLEON--A
TREASURE SHIP.



BUT--
THE BELL
WE HEARD?

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE
BELL OF THE OLD GALLEON
THAT RINGS WHEN THE WIND
BLOWS AWAY SOME OF THE
SAND THAT HAS BURIED
IT... NOBODY KNOWS
JUST WHERE IT IS.

SAM POWELL'S OLD MINE IS ON
OUR RANCH PROPERTY--BUT
THE VEIN OF GOLD HAS PLAYED
OUT... THEY SAY THE LOST
GALLEON LIES SOMEWHERE NEAR
IT.



THAT NIGHT ROY STARTS WITH HARRY FOR
THE FERGUSON SPREAD, AT THE YOUNG COWBOY'S
EARNEST INVITATION.



SOMETIMES, ROY, I THINK
THERE'S A JINX ON SUE'S
PLACE... HER DAD WAS KILLED
BY A HORSE LAST YEAR--
AND SINCE THEN SHE CAN'T
KEEP ANY
HELP BUT OLD
BILL HANKINS.

HARK! THERE'S
THAT BELL AGAIN.
THE BELL OF
THE LOST
GALLEON!





BOY! THAT FIRE!
IT'S BACK AT
SUE'S RANCH!

COME ON! MAYBE WE CAN
GET THERE IN TIME
TO HELP!



IS IT
THE HOUSE,
BOY?

LOOKS MORE LIKE THE
HAYSTACK—BUT THE
WIND'S BLOWING IT
TOWARD THE HOUSE.



THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE HERE—
BOYS!

WE'LL TAKE
OVER—



WAIT, HARRY! WE'VE GOT TO
KNOCK THAT STACK DOWN TO
SAVE THE HOUSE—TIE THE END
OF YOUR ROPE TO MINE,
QUICK!

KNOCK THE STACK—
OKAY! I GET
YOU!



HEAT BEARS THEIR FACES—
AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.





GIVE A MAN
THAT PUMP
HANDLE, MA'AM?

AND YOU GIMME THAT
BUCKET, SUE? YOU'RE
FLAME-SINGED ALREADY!

WHAT DO YOU
THINK STARTED
THIS HAYSTACK
FIRE, HANKINS?

I DON'T THINK
I KNOW. IT WAS
THE GHOST!



WHAT'S
THAT? WHAT
GHOST? WHAT
ARE YOU
RAVING ABOUT?

THE GHOST OF THE LOST
GALLEON--AND I AIN'T
RAVIN'! YOU HEARD
THE BELL RINGING,
DIDN'T YOU?



WELL, LADIES, THE FIRE
IS OUT--UNLESS THE
WIND SHOULD FAN UP
A BIT OF SMOLDERING
HAY THAT WE MISSED.

WE'RE
SLEEPING HERE
IN THE YARD,
JUST TO MAKE
SURE.

NO, YOU'VE HELP-
ED ENOUGH, BOYS.



I'LL MAKE US ALL SOME
COFFEE, RIGHT NOW. WHILE
YOU ALL ARE WASHING UP.



OKAY, BILL--TELL US HOW
YOU THINK THE GHOST OF THE
LOST GALLEON COULD HAVE
SET THAT FIRE.

I
SEEN
IT!



THAT BELL IS RINGING! LET'S
SEE IF WE CAN TELL WHAT
DIRECTION IT COMES FROM.

IT STARTS RINGING AND STOPS AWHILE—
AND IT SOUNDS FROM
TWO OR THREE
DIRECTIONS!

THAT'S THE ECHOING—
THIS RANCH LIES IN
A HOLLOW.

THIS RANCH HAS GOT A JINK
ON IT... YOU WAIT AND SEE—

WHOOOM!

BILL! OH—
YOU'RE HURT!

GRAB ANOTHER BUCKET, HARRY!
THIS TIME THE FIRE'S INSIDE
THE HOUSE.

YEAH—BUT THAT
BLAST WAS
DYNAMITE!



BUT LOOK AT THE STOVE / THE PLACE IS A WRECK, ROY /



THAT DYNAMITE WAS IN THE CHUNK OF WOOD PUT INTO THE STOVE, SUE.

DYNAMITE IN THE WOOD? BUT HOW--HOW COULD IT BE?



SOMEBODY PUT IT THERE... BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHY?



I KIN ANSWER THAT ONE, I RECKON... I SEEN THE CHUNK SHE STUCK IN THE STOVE--IT WAS A PIECE OF TIMBER FROM THE OLD LOST GALLEON MINE.



WOOD IS SCARGER'N A HEN'S TEETH HEREABOUTS... BRUNG IN A FEW MINE TIMBERS LAST WEEK... SOMEBODY COULD'VE PLANTED A CHARGE IN ONE OF 'EM 60 YEARS AGO.



BUT THE GHOST WAS BEHIND IT ALL / SOONER OR LATER IT'LL TAKE EVERY HUMAN LIFE ON THIS RANCH--BUT IT WON'T SIT ME / I'M CLEAR'N' OUT TONIGHT.



REMEMBER WHAT I SAY, SUE LORISTON--THE QUICKER YOU AND YOUR MA LEAVE, THE LONGER YOU'LL STAY HEALTHY.

THANKS, BILL--BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A GHOST TO SCARE US OFF.



WELL, THE OLD LOAFER IS GONE--AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

YES--PERHAPS SO...BUT WHAT WILL WE DO FOR HELP NOW, MOM?



YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO, SUE--HIRE ME! I'LL WORK FOR REGULAR WAGES--AND GIVE YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

THAT'S RIDICULOUS, HARRY! YOU DON'T NEED--



EXCUSE ME, SUE LORISTON! RIGHT NOW IT'S WHAT YOU NEED THAT COUNTS... YOU NEED TWO GOOD MEN TO GET IN YOUR HAY AND MAYBE TO LAY THIS BELL--RINGING GHOST BEFORE IT KILLS SOMEBODY.



WHY, SUE, HONEY! WHAT ROY ROGERS SAID ISN'T ANYTHING TO CRY ABOUT. IT'S PLAIN COMMON--SENSE!

THAT'S--THE TROUBLE!



I'VE BEEN PROUD THAT I COULD GET ALONG WITHOUT ACCEPTING FAVORS--BUT I CAN'T HOLD OUT AGAINST YOUR KINDNESS AND THIS ORATED GHOST!



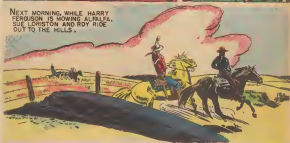
I DON'T SEE ANY OF THAT HAY SMOKING, BUT IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO WATCH IT.

YES...CONSIDERING SUE'S LIFE AND PROPERTY HAVE JUST MISSED THEIR FINISH THREE TIMES TODAY!

ROY! THIS SPOOK THAT BILL HANKINS BLAMES FOR EVERYTHING-- COULD IT BE HUMAN?

NOBODY CAUSED THE EARTHQUAKE THAT SPOOKED SUE'S TEAM...A CHIMNEY--SPARK COULD HAVE FIRED THE HAY...

NEXT MORNING, WHILE HARRY FERGUSON IS MOVING ALFALFA, SUE, LORISTON AND ROY RIDE OUT TO THE HILLS.



I RUN ABOUT FIFTY HEAD OF HEREFORDS IN A LITTLE VALLEY UP THERE... A FEW OF THE STEERS OUGHT TO BE READY FOR MARKET.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THEM IN QUITE AWHILE?

NO-- BUT THERE'S A GOOD WATERHOLE AND ENOUGH FEED WHEN WE FIND THEM, I'LL DECIDE WHICH ONES TO SHIP.



THE WATERHOLE IS JUST
AROUND THE BEND. WE
MAY FIND SOME OF THE
BUNCH THERE...



BUT WHERE THE WATERHOLE WAS, ONLY
TRAMPLED MUD MOCKS THE THIRST OF
MOANING CATTLE.

ROY / THE WATER NEVER
FAILED BEFORE / COULD IT
HAVE BEEN THE EARTHQUAKE--?

OR THE GHOST
OF THE LOST
GALLEON?



A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE
WOULD HAVE DONE THE TRICK
JUST AS WELL. IT WILL TAKE
PLENTY OF SHOVEL-WORK TO
MAKE THAT WATERHOLE
USABLE AGAIN.



DYNAMITE--P

WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT
FOR WATER, THOUGH--
LOOK THERE!



A CLOUDBURST IN THE HILLS /
THAT WILL MEAN A FLOOD
HERE-- START DRIVING
THOSE COWS, ROY!



BUT THE THIRST-CRAZED ANIMALS
KEEP RETURNING TO THE MUD OF
THE CHOKED WATERHOLE.



BETTER NOT WAIT TOO LONG,
SUE. THE WATER WILL CARRY
EVERYTHING OUT OF THIS
CANYON WHEN IT COMES.



I KNOW--BUT IF
I LOSE THESE COWS,
I'M FLAT-BUSTED.



FLOOD'S GOING
TO CATCH US.

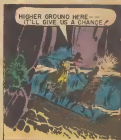


LET IT. I'M
NOT LEAVING
MY BEEF.

A ROARING WALL OF DIRTY
WATER, CARRYING EVERYTHING
WITH IT, SWEEPS DOWN THE
CANYON'S TROUGH.



HIGHER GROUND HERE --
IT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE.





HANG ON, SUE--
WE'LL MAKE IT!



TUMBLING OVER,
HALF-DROWNED,
SUE'S GOTTLE
ARE BORNE
AWAY.



THE WATER'S
GOING DOWN,
ROY... DO YOU
THINK SOME
OF MY GOWS
LIVED THROUGH
IT?

MOST OF THEM,
I HOPE, SUE... THE
CANYON SPREADS
OUT INTO THE VALLEY
RIGHT BELOW HERE.



LOOKS AS IF THEY'RE
ALL HERE--AND SAFE.



SAFE--THANKS TO YOU,
ROY ROGERS! IF YOU AND
YOUR PALOMINO HORSE
HADN'T BEEN ALONG, THAT
FLOOD WOULD HAVE WIPEO
ME OUT, TOO.



PULL UP, SUE!
THAT "OUST DEVIL"
IS GOING TO PASS
JUST AHEAD OF
US.

HALFWAY BACK TO
THE RANCH...

A WHIRLWIND MOVING IN A 200 FT. DUST-LADEN COLUMN, DRIFTS ACROSS THE DESERT FLOOR.



THEY SAY CRAZY SAM POWELL
SPENT HIS LAST DOLLAR
BUILDING THIS THING --
HE'S BURIED
SOMEWHERE
BENEATH IT

THERE'S NO
BELL FOR HIS
GHOST TO RING,
ANYWAY



WHAT'S THAT--LIKE A QUEER
SHAPED ROCK-- WHERE THE "DUST
DEVIL" JUST PASSED?



NEVER SAW IT
BEFORE / LET'S
RIDE OVER THERE

IT'S THE LOST GALLEON /
THE WHIRLWIND UNCOVERED
IT /



BLING-BLANK!

BLING - BLANK!



THE BELL-- I HEAR
IT NOW / HARK,
ROY /

IT'S STILL RINGING--
OVER BY THAT LOW,
ROCKY RIDGE /

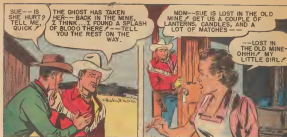
THAT'S WHERE
THE LOST GALLEON
MINE IS / LET'S
HUNT IT DOWN,
ROY.



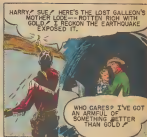












GREAT LAWMEN OF THE OLD WEST

JOHNNY OWENS -
POISON TO OUTLAWS



Seventeen loaded wagons creaked forward in a trailing cloud of dust. Above the complaint of dry axles and straining leather rose the shrill voices of Indian squaws, the crack of their whips as they drove, the yelping of mongrel dogs. Some of the dust rose from the wagons—most of it from the bunch of 140 stolen horses and their Cheyenne captors.

It was a big war party, returning with a rich loot to their reservation at Pine Ridge, Wyoming.

A sheepherder named Rogers heard the noise. Badly frightened, he watched the savages approach. What they would do to his flock of woollies, he could only guess.

Two bucks, with their rifles ready for business, left the main party and galloped toward him. Expecting to be shot and scalped, he was pleasantly relieved to hear them ask for his tobacco. The bucks were in good humor. They ignored his sheep.

Without warning a shot rang out. The two Indians wheeled their ponies and rode back to the main bunch. Red warriors were yelling as they fired from galloping mounts. Though the dust hid much of the fight, Rogers knew that a sheriff's posse had overhauled

the raiders. Not wishing to be a target, he ducked into the sagebrush.

The battle stopped. Raising his head, Rogers saw a group of mounted warriors facing the white men. The sheriff was calling on them to give up and save their lives.

Eagle Feather, sometimes called "Charley Smith," headed the raiders. With him were High Dog, Chief He Crow, Charge Wolf, and James White Elk. Like the less known warriors who backed them, these leaders were in an ugly mood. Up to this point the skin-mushing had been mostly noise—but they were not likely to give up their loot without some killing.

For the third time the sheriff demanded their guns. The red raiders glared. Leaning quickly from his horse's back, Eagle Feather snatched up a fistful of dust. He straightened—and tossed it high. It was a signal!

A volley of rifle fire answered. The white posse replied. For a short time the vicious bellowing of guns blanked out all other sounds.

The sheriff and his deputy were dying. But eleven rifles were still pouring leaden law into the red war party. And deadliest of them all was the weapon of Marshal Johnny Owens.

The Indians finally broke and fled. Behind them they left their dead—and their dauntless chief, Eagle Feather. With a bullet hole through both legs, the savage leader might still have ridden away. He chose to die fighting, covering his warriors' retreat.

Johnny Owens stood up, in the dust and smoke. The job was done. Beside one of the wagons he saw a squaw lying hurt. Tenderly he bent to help her. As he did so, a hand clawed at his holstered gun.

Johnny spun around—to face Eagle Feather. The chief was dying, barely able to crawl. And he died without adding another white lawman to his score.

Owens was marshal of the town of Lusk. Gentle as a woman he could be, and was whenever circumstances allowed. Yet so terrible was his reputation as a killer of bad men that many times his soft-spoken warning was enough to make noted outlaws give up without a fight.

Once while he was riding guard on a stagecoach, between Chugwater and Laramie, the Concord was held up. Inside was the Army paymaster with a lot of money. Outside was only the stage driver and Johnny Owens with a rifle across his knees.

The "road agents' " guns were trained on both men. A word from their leader would have sent bullets tearing into Johnny's stomach. But—

"You'd better ride home, boys," came the lawman's calm advice.

For a moment the outlaws thought fast. They knew that a tough man, mortally wounded, can sometimes empty his gun before he dies. They knew that Johnny Owens's bullets seldom missed. Slowly they backed away. And the stage drove on unmolested!

The number of men blotted out by Owens's deadly marksmanship is not on record. During the Civil War he served in Quantrell's notorious band of guerrilla fighters. He was the peace officer of a number of wild and woolly towns. One fact appears certain: his known killings were always on the side of law and order, and he took no pleasure in them.

While marshal of Newcastle, he accounted for a couple of cattle rustlers, a hold-up artist named Blizzard and a gambler called "Doc" Cornet. His duel with "Doc" witnessed to both his chilled-steel nerves and his amazing speed on the draw.

For a reason not known, this gambler's friendly feeling toward Johnny Owens turned into fierce hate. He went looking for the marshal. Finding him in a public house, he drew and covered Owens before he spoke.

"John," he said bitterly, "I'm going to kill you, now!"

Johnny's brown eyes showed no fear.



His voice, low and courteous as always, broke the room's tense silence.

"Can't we fix this up, Doc?" he said.

At Cornet's vehement refusal Owens's gun blazed. It had appeared in his hand as if by magic. The bullet drilled "Doc" between the eyes. The gambler had made the fatal mistake of threatening a gun fighter whose skill was far above his own.

CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES

MADE BY BOB LINDSAY

UH-HUH! THERE'S LOTS OF LONESOME MEN DOING THE GRUB-LINE... AND KIDS TOO! LIKE TOMMY FEMING.

CHARLEY, THAT STRANGER YOU JUST MET LOOKS AWFUL LONESOME... AS IF HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY HOME!



DAY CHARLEY TELL US AN OTHER STORY ABOUT TOMMY FRANK AND HIS DOG, WHITE WIND!

AND GIVE US A COUPLE OF BIG HAM SANDWICHES. I'M STARVED!

HOW LONG DO TOMMY AND WHITE WIND LIVE ALONE IN THE DESERT, CHARLEY?

OFF AND ON FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS, FET. YOU SEE...



THE BIG BOSSY HOLFHOUND HAD BEEN RAISED BY A COYOTE DIDN'T KNOW ANY OTHER LIFE.



HE CAUGHT BASE HENGS AND RABBITS ENOUGH TO FEED BOTH HIM AND HIS MASTER.



AND TOMMY HAD LEARNED FROM THE INDIANS HOW TO LIVE OFF THE COUNTRY... HE WAS STILL AFRAID THAT OLD BUCK WELTON MIGHT CATCH HIM AND PERSE HIM BACK TO WORK.



BUT NOW AND THEN HED VISIT SOME LONELY RANCH HOUSE, MAKING WHITE WIND TO LEAVE THOSE CHICKENS ALONE...



...AND WORK AT CHORES FOR A WEEK TO GET A CHANGE OF GRUB AND OTHER THINGS.



IN THAT WAY HE GOT TO OWN A RUNTY CORN-PONY AND AN OLD .22 RIFLE.



IT WAS STILL FUN TO RIDE OVER THE HILLS WITH WHITE HIND...AND NEVER KNOW OR CARE WHERE THEY'D SLEEP THAT NIGHT...



BUT TOMMY WAS STARTING TO HAVE SECOND...DAY DREAMS ABOUT A LITTLE OLD RANCH HOUSE THAT HE COULD CALL HOME.



...AND A FRIENDLY RANCH COUPLE WHO WOULDN'T BE TOO OLD TO LIKE A BOY AND A DOG.



ONE DAY, WHEN HE WAS RIDING DOWN A WILD MOUNTAIN SLOPE...



TOMMY'S HORSE SUDDENLY REARED UP AND TURNED AROUND IN HIS TRACKS, LIKE HED GREN A BEAR OR SOMETHING.



TOMMY FOUGHT HIM TO A GRANDPILL... BUT THE PONY STILL ACTED SNORTY AND SCARED... THERE WASN'T A THING IN SIGHT, SO HE MUST HAVE SMELLED IT.



TOMMY'S BULLET WAS NO MORE THAN A BEE-STING TO THAT THOUSAND POUNDS OF ROARING DESTRUCTION. BUT WHITE KING'S TEETH WERE A DIFFERENT MATTER!



TIME AFTER TIME, THE BEAR PUNCHED... BUT HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TRIED TO SMASH HIS OWN SHADOW.



AND TOMMY FRAYNE KEPT PUMPING LITTLE .22 BULLETS THAT MADE OLD MISTER GRUNT-AND-GRAPPLE'S HIDE PLUMBS LEAKY.



"...OF TOMMY! IT WAS LIKE TRYING TO STOP A STEAM ENGINE. BUT TOMMY FRAYNE STOOD AND SHOT LIKE A SOLDIER....IT WASN'T ANY USE TO RUN.

AND THEN LIKE BLOWING OUT A LIGHT, THE BEAR WAS DEAD! TOMMY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT AT FIRST.



NOTHING MUCH HAPPENED... UNTIL ONE OF THOSE .22 PELS CLIPPED THE BEAR'S TENDEREST SPOT... HIS NOSE... THAT MADE THE GRIZZLY SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE...



THE BOY'S LAST SHOT WAS INTO THE BEUTE'S OPEN MOUTH.



THEN HE REMEMBERED ALL THE BULLETS THAT HE AND THE OTHER FELLOW HAD PUMPED INTO THAT BIG CARCASS... NO TELLING WHICH ONE HAD FINISHED HIM.



"AFTER ALL THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT OF THE FIGHT, THE SILENCE WAS KIND OF SCARY... TOMMY COULD HEAR WATER RUNNING, FARTHER DOWN THE CANYON."



"HE DRAGGED THE WOUNDED MAN DOWN-HILL TO A LITTLE BROOK AMONG THE ASPEN TREES..."



"THEN HE LAUGHED HIS OWN RONY AND THE HUNTER'S HORSE."



"THE BEAR HUNTER, DENING LOY, COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW COME HE WAS STILL ALIVE..."



"AND TOMMY'S STORY WAS STILL MORE WONDERFUL" BUT LOY BELIEVED IT.



"HE RECKONED HE COULD RIDE HOME, IF TOMMY WOULD TAG ALONG... IN CASE HE GOT DIZZY OR SOMETHING."



"IT WAS LONG AFTER DARK WHEN THEY GOT TO COY'S LITTLE RANCH HOUSE... DENNIS HAD GIVEN TOMMY THE DIRECTIONS BEFORE HE RISSSED OUT AND TOMMY TIED HIM INTO THE SADDLE.



"MURRY, DENNIS'S YOUNG WIFE, CAME RUNNING WHEN SHE HEARD THE HORSES.



...AND HELPED TOMMY TAKE HIS HUSBAND INTO THE HOUSE... WHITE WIND LAMB IN WITH THEM.



"FOR A WEEK, DENNIS COY LAY AROUND A MIGHTY SICK MAN, AND TOMMY DID THE CHORES, WHISTLING OR SINGING AS HE WORKED. FOR SOME REASON HE WAS HAPPIER THAN HE COULD REMEMBER BEING ANY TIME.



ONE EVENING, AFTER DENNIS WAS ABLE TO GET AROUND AGAIN, THEY WERE ALL SITTING ON THE PORCH... TOMMY SAYS DENNIS COY, "A RANCH LIKE THIS IS MORE THAN ONE MAN SHOULD HANDLE... IF YOU AND WHITE WIND WOULD LIKE TO GO PARTNERS WITH MURRY AND ME, WE COULD MAKE THINGS HUM."



"TOMMY DIDN'T SHAKER FOR A MINUTE... HE TURNED AND WHISPERED IN WHITE WIND'S EAR: 'WHAT DO YOU THINK, PARTNER?'



"WHITE WIND SAID 'YEE!' AS PLAIN AS A DOG COULD BARK...AND THAT SETTLED IT!"



"HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE SANDWICHES I MADE FOR YOU, PETE? YOU'VE SCARCELY TAKEN TWO BITES!"

"UH...THAT'S RIGHT! I GUESS WE WERE LISTENING TOO HARD TO REMEMBER 'EM, CHARLEY."



